

# The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too. God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own bowels : I have led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd ther's not three of my 150. left alive, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere ? *Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* What standst thou idle heere ? lend me thy Sword,  
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe,  
Under the hooves of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevengd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O *Hal.* I prethee give me leave to breathe a while, *Turk*  
*Gregory* never did such deeds in armes, as I have done this day.  
I have payd *Percy*, I have made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and living to kill thee ;  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Give it me : what ? is it in the case ?

*Fal.* I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What is it a time to jest and dally now ?

*He throwes the Bottle at him. Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be alive, i le pierce him, if he doe come in my way, so : if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sr Wal-*  
*ter* hath : give me life, which if I can save, so : if not, honour comes unlook't for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Ecarle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much ; Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Majesty make up,  
Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends :

*Kl.* I will doe so my L. of *Westmerland*, lead him to his Tent  
*West.* Come, my Lord, i'll lead you to your Tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my Lord, I de not need your helpe ;  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive.

The

# Henry

The Prince of *Wales* from  
Where staynd Nobility lie  
And Rebels Armes triumph

*John.* We breathe too long  
Our duty this way lies : I

*Prin.* By God, thou ha  
I did not thinke thee Lon  
Before, I lov'd thee as a b  
But now I doe respect the

*King.* I saw him hold L  
With lustier maintenance  
Of such an ungrowne Wa

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends

*Dow.* Another King, th  
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to  
That weare those colours  
That counterfeist the per

*King.* The King himself  
So many of his shadowes  
And not the very King : I  
Secke *Percy* and thy selfe,

But seeing thou fall'st on  
I will assay thee : and dese

*Dow.* I feare, thou art a  
And yet in faith thou bea  
But mine I am sure thou  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King bein*  
*Prince.* Hold up thy hea

Never to hold it up againe  
Of valiant *Sheriy*, *Stafford*  
It is the Prince of *Wales* th  
Who never promifeth, but

*They fig*  
Cheerely my Lord, how

*Sir Nicholas Gawsey* hath f  
And so hath *Clifton* ; i'll

*King.* Stay, and breath a